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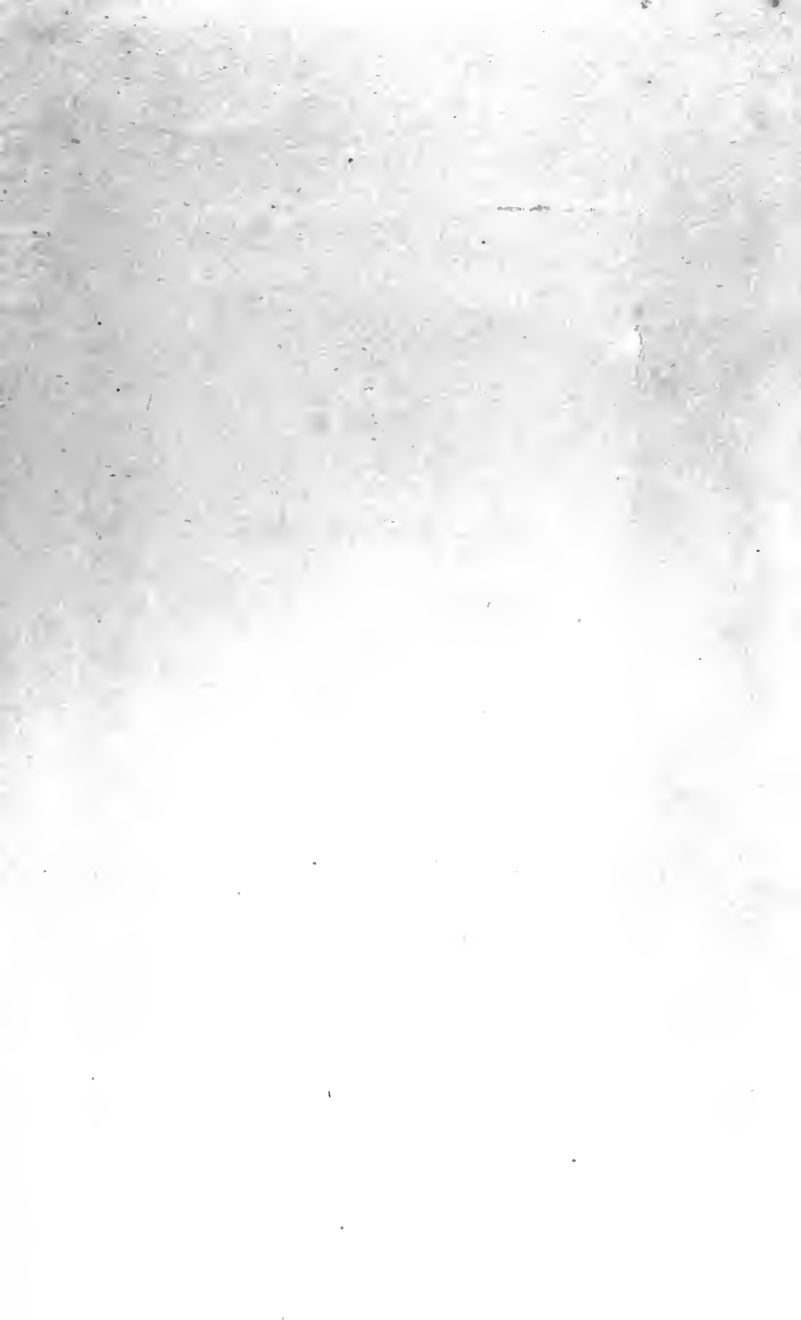
Maggie, with very best wishes for a happy
new year.


6th January 1914.

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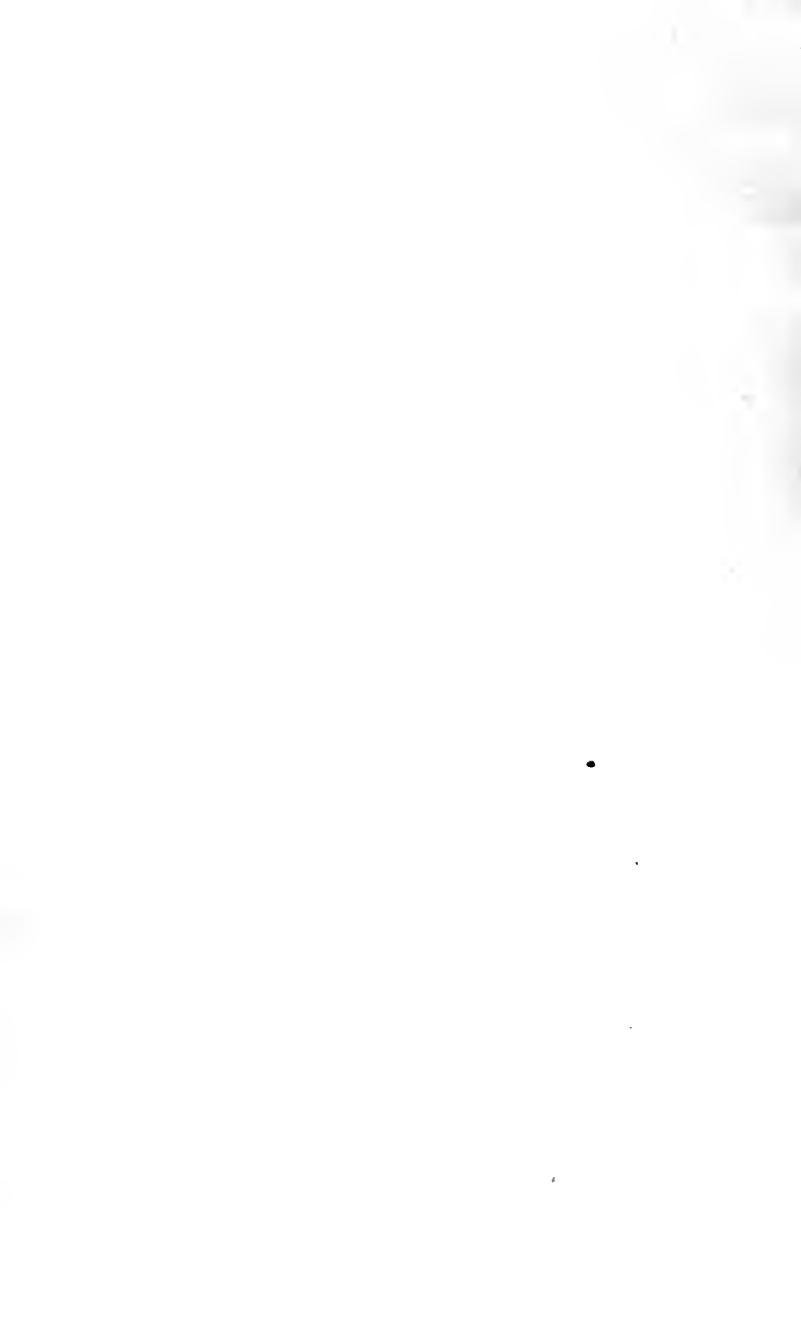
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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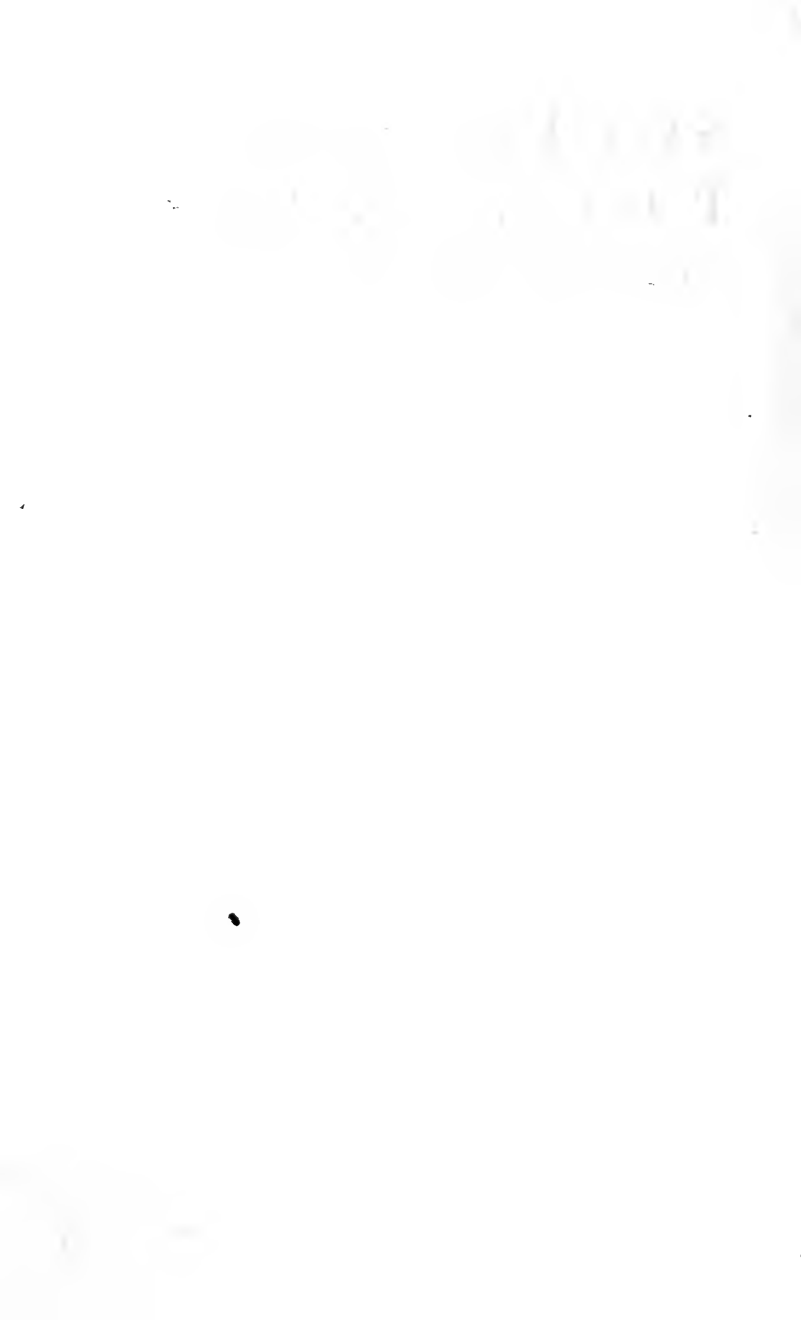
No. 23.....

Henrietta Dunsford,

S O C I A L A N D
P E R S O N A L

BY KENNETH DOUGLAS

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR
HENRY YOUNG & SONS
LIVERPOOL · · · 1914



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TO
MILADI
OF THE
PORTRAIT

928817



*" Wantons we are, and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much."*

—ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634)

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OF the verses following, "The Garden of Dreams" originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and "Sappho" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.



THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

THERE is a garden far away,
By long-dead memory haunted,
Where life and death with hope
and love
Their little hour have flaunted.

Now lordly lilies lift their head
Where kings and nobles wandered,
The Cowslip and the Golden Ball
Recall the wealth they squandered.

And scented alleys stretching dim
Forgotten hands have planted,
Tinged with the sunset's purple rim,
A *mise en scène* enchanted.

Where fitly staged in fleeting dream
That iridescent bubble,
The calmly splendid old régime
Undimmed by time or trouble.

The parterre trim, the velvet lawn,
A stream of masks and faces,
The moonlight on a marble faun,
And here and there the Graces.

A stately haunt of ancient peace
By quaint old herbal bordered.
The sundial on yon grassy plot
How many hours hath ordered !

Take then this garland of the whole,
By memory subtly scented,
Culled from the garden of the soul
And here presented.

THE OLD ORDER

HE was not born for days of strife,
Nor his the arts a mob to lure.
He lived and died his little life;
He only kept his honour pure.

Not his the senate or the mart,
Nor streets in crowded cities dim;
An ancient home, old friends,
Old wine, old books, pleased him.

To wander through his woods and muse
On all by God or nature meant,
By kindly actions, prove that good
May linger still with old descent;

Maintain in this material age
The lingering memories of the past:
"My fathers kept them," *raison d'être*
For every feast or every fast;

To show that blood will always tell
In statelier manners, softer voice,
For Church and King to loyally live
And loyally die—his choice.

Not his the epigram or sneer,
Nor all a worldling sums as "smart."
It sounds quite foolish, but he still
Retained a very human heart.

His favourite author, Thomas Browne,
Or Walton's fragrant pages—more,
The old romances, tincture too
Of all the quaint heraldic lore.

You dub him "fossil," think perhaps
My friend of forty years ago
Would scarce be welcome to the "chaps,"
Or even voted "beastly slow."

His creed was simple—trust in God ;
Be just alike to bond or free.
'Twas not for him to doubt the faith
Taught nightly at his mother's knee.

And so he lived his little life,
A unit in a mighty plan.
Then courteous bowing to Death—
He passed—a very perfect gentleman.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

SHE came of long and royal line,
The fairy lady pictured here,
And to the trite, dull present brought
An old-world charm from yester-
year.

She was not called to push for place,
To haunt the great ones of the earth,
Her precedence was that which waits
On wit and beauty, brains and birth.

No college knew her name. No sport
Could claim her devotee. Her all
Was drawn to books and friends, and not
Some grown-up game of ball.

The salon was her royal throne,
And there her talk was wisely more
Of what she thought than what she did—
A glittering something from the shore.

That borders several worlds at once
Where all she pondered, all she knew,
Took life, and vivifying glowed
With deeper meaning, subtler hue.

And proudly in yon corner scan
Her arms in formal lozenge pent,
Achievements then were scarce a meed
For longer purse than long descent.

Sable and or the quartered field,
A fesse embattled, argent doves,
A fearsome griffin, langued and armed,
A trefoil slipped in vert above.

There's more, but, oh, you know so well
Poor heraldry's a futile science,
And seldom picture how it bound
Blood, art, religion in alliance.

Ah, lady, he who held the brush
Was master of a greater art
Than I who strive to paint in words
That unknown quantity—your heart.

I owe you more than I can pay,
My verses sink beneath it,—well—
I can but lay them at your feet,
And bow in greeting and farewell.

THE WINDS OF YESTERDAY

In the manner of Master François Villon

WHERE have the old-timê lovers
gone?

With their peerless lady, hight
Guenevere,

Heloïse, Rosamond, fair Yvonne,

Joan the Maid, and La Vallière?

A great King's love and his royal Queen

Are seldom one and the same, they say,

But the secret hides full well, I ween,

Where lurk the winds of yesterday.

Where will ye seek for buried loves?

Do Psyche and Eros cereclothes wear?

And Aphrodite, with all her doves,

Back to the sea that bore her?—Where?

Life and death and love and hope,

Saturn's children were Saturn's prey,—

Riddles all?—and the key to ope

Hides with the winds of yesterday.

Summer and autumn, winter, spring,
Passed in procession then as now.
The coldest hearts have a hidden thing,
A secret idol to which they bow.
The magic past through a golden haze,
The present joining it day by day,
Knowing no grave—Love only stays
Safe from the winds of yesterday.

Envoi

Princess, only great love shall be
Scatheless before King Time's array.
Living and loving come with me
Far from the winds of yesterday.

ROMANCE

WHEN did the Fairies come to
die—
The Gnome, the Dryad, the
Valkyrie?

Do they liven the empire of Sir Tristram,
That gentle knight of joust and game,
Or gone the way of a sun that sets
Behind the shadow of vain regrets?

Find me a grave for illusion blest
That peoples the earth and all the rest
With men who were brave and ladies fair,
And a Princess whose beauty was all too rare.
Where right was might and good fought
wrong,
To be sometimes conquered, but not for long ;
We have travelled since on a path that led
To life so hollow and joys so dead.

Though enchanted castles are lost to view,
With hungry dragons who waited too,
Though Prince or Princess of old romance
Have fled to another coast than France,
Yet rightly or wrongly, a childish fist
Is the last defence of an optimist.

LA FIANCÉE

SHE should be stately, proud,
White and fleeting like a cloud,
Half advancing, half retreating,
Faith—to credit lovers' greeting.
Hope that half ashamed grows bolder,
Trust that sometimes fails to hold her;
Yielding much to gain so little—
Every jot and every tittle;
Just a medicine—bitter-sweet,
Or a fancy passing fleet.
Love's a game for girls and boys,
Love's a pedlar hawking toys.

FROM CORYDON

PAINTER—conjure a piquant face,
My dear little Princess crown;
Raven locks and an elfin grace,
The lure of London town.

Colours mix with the cherry's red,
Coral and ivory—pearl.
And, as you love me, limn aright
That last rebellious curl.

Hang on the wall, just over there,
Where Amity comes to sup.
Then own yourself a beaten man,
And tear the canvas up.

TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

YOU ask me, dear, to sing of love,
That one unchanging fashion,
The rose, the nightingale, the kiss,
The stock-in-trade of passion.

The modern poet, luckless wight,
Finds vain the tears and anguish ;
An earlier Cupid called the price
Of one Miss Lydia Languish.

Our fathers thought her vastly fine,
For us remains the picture
Drawn with a careless, old-world grace,
A literary fixture.

Farewell, old friend—a later time
Demands the art of Gibson ;
A smile, a tear, a flowing line,
The gloomy charm of Ibsen.

We grow so *blasé*; you alone
Fair as the sky spread o'er you,
Recall my only virtue left,
And that's, that I adore you.

ANOTHER'S

WHEN you and I were boy and
girl together,
Dear — was it really twenty
years ago?

That night of life and laughter buried
Beneath Time's ebb and flow.

And all the love engendered, all the longing
That made us indissolubly one,
Has it perished as an idyll of our childhood,
Whose day is done?

You bear another's name, another's children
Shall call you Mother. That prosaic he
Who won you in a campaign of a fortnight—
Hinc illæ lacrimæ.

I scarcely know — grown matronly and
gracious—

The heroine of much romantic lore,
And yet I think you rather thought it might
be—

Twenty years before.

MILADI



ILADI'S more than fair—
She's divine.

'Twere wrong to say a star,
For some, so dim and far,
Scarcely shine.

In an elder day on far-off
Fields of fame,
Men would venture life and lands,
Ruined, die with empty hands
For her name.

We have grown, ah, so prosaic,
Even you
Can but fight a wordy battle
With good stories, piquant tattle—
Mais c'est tout.

Thus I write in lazy languor,
 'Neath the palms,
Somehow spoil what once was paper,
And, 'twixt hope and longing, vapour
 On her arms.

Golden years stretch far before you ;
 To their end
Dare I hope this petit cadeau
May be to you as the shadow
 Of a friend ?

THE SEQUEL

THEY sat at even on the sward
That clothes yon hill-top, cool and
green,
And much they talked of what had
been

And much of future great reward.
That cottage set beside the ford,
Where eglantine and may entwine
With roses sweet and wild woodbine,
And Love alone to be their lord.
Far off, with all the city's reek,
Fantastic shadows shape and flee :
They sat alone on yonder peak,
And all around was Arcady.
Ah, cruel Time, to speed express
That fleeting hour of happiness !

'Tis in that broad and stately square
Exuberant Love has settled down.
And every day he goes to town ;
While every day, with different hair,

She drives triumphant through Mayfair.
For he has prospered far above
His wildest dreams. They smile at love.
Their's are two cameo daughters fair,
Who find it difficult to cope
With country cooking, so I hear ;
And cherish each the secret hope
That father may be made a peer :
The elder nine, the younger seven,
How well they'll grace the social heaven !

THE TOMB OF LOVE

LOVE is dead. Through a gateway,
Born of the midnight gloom,
I saw Love lie slowly bleeding,
Cold in his marble tomb.

Daisies thick in the meadows
Were mingled with asphodel.
Long-dead loves of our making
Had risen ; for Youth will tell.

What's-her-name from the village,
So proud of her beautiful arm ;
That little French minx of a cousin ;
Dolly and Nance from the farm.

Childhood, Boyhood, Manhood,
Ghosts from the golden days ;
Each an accusing finger pointed
There by the parting ways.

Scorning a youth of wonder,
Seeking a clothed deceit,
Fashioning words to pinions,
Love is yet more fleet.

And from the dregs of wisdom,
Thinking it wise to show
Thoughts of another's weaving,
Nobody wants to know.

Childhood, Boyhood, Manhood,
Rose in a sunlit blaze ;
Each with accusing finger pointing,
Silently went their ways.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS

THERE are whispers of disgrace
For a certain dainty face...
Who had never much discretion of
her own.

You may say that Love is blind,
But I think you'll always find
He's as treacherous as a pariah with a bone.

Quite a readable divorce
Is the sequel; and, of course,
He's a much-to-be-congratulated chap.
When by judge and jury praised,
Unto affluence he is raised
By the patent legal co-respondent trap.

THE EUGENIC'S LOVE-SONG



H Phoebe Ann, my ownest one,
You most enchanting creature,
Who from your ankles to your
neck

Have every cart-horse feature.

The shoulders of a Hercules,
With muscles of the best,
A face—plain but substantial—
Built in keeping with the rest.

Your voice unlike the whispering wind
Or Patience at the spinnet,
Recalls far more the ocean's roar
Than any foolish linnet.

No dallying in boudoirs rare
With facial creams anointed,
No toying with a doubtful book
To drop it disappointed.

For Herbert Spencer, Bernard Shaw,
And Darwin, have you panted.
A little Nietzsche follows, and
Your simple needs are granted.

Oh, be my own ! so shall the breed
Of future super-men
Appraise the creed which made us think
Far less of love than them.

THE INJURED INNOCENT

3 ONLY kicked her dahn the stairs—
She got me on the raw ;
I only knocked 'er fice in two,
And broke 'er blooming jaw.

They 'auled me up afore a beak,
With such a solemn mug,
Says 'e, yer need some discipline—
Try six months in the jug.

She's my "Dutch," ain't she, and yer Church
Says man and wife are one.
If I can't bash my flesh and blood
The blasted country's done.

This dily work dis'eartens me,
And wearily I think
Of the 'appy days be'ind me,
Ere they put me into clink.

When we preached the wrongs of labour
Through the regions of the west,
And an unemployed procession
Was the "work" that paid the best.

I 'ave been a model 'usband—
Tender-'earted ain't the nime;
Calling in a bleeding copper's
Really 'ardly quite the gime.

Every week I 'anded over,
Sometimes nearly 'alf a crown.
Kept the kids and 'er in clover
In a crib by Kentish Town.

I'd a steady job in those days,
Twenty weekly at the works,
Till a spiteful foreman sacked me—
Said 'e'd caught me on the shirk.

Set me on the London pavement,
Where my belt 'as room to swing,
And no interfering bobby
Can protect 'er from its sting.

Let the 'ospitals of London
Tend 'er with their utmost skill,
All accounts are square between us,
And the nation foots 'er bill.

ONE POINT OF VIEW

YOU call him a hero, do you ?
There by the colours torn,
Holding a blood-stained acre,
Blind as a chess-board pawn.

Kill or be killed, his motto,
Truly the time is ripe—
Two thousand years of teaching,
And this our heroic type !

But I know of another army
Where medals and stripes are none,
Whose only title is "Brother,"
And commission from Mary's Son.

Neither as judge or accuser, No,
Nor courtly cleric unventuresome,
Merely, a Saviour calls you. Go,
Sin is a burden cumbersome.

Be what you may, and ye seek relief,
Christ in mercy the gate unlocks,
Dead is the past, whether harlot, thief,
Murderer—damned to the orthodox.

Not a society function, No,
With a royal duchess to patronise,
A big bazaar and a chat with friends,
Her Highness's conscience satisfies.

Excellent movement, she calls it, Yes.
Stout old party rouged to the eyes,
Wishes it naturally every success,
Sketches briefly its aims and rise.

Good intentioned, well meaning, I know,
Kind in despite of pomp and pride,
Probably grown to believe in a self,
So highly respected and dignified.

What do you know of the fighting line,
And the lurking evils that linger there?
The street where your poorer sisters walk,
And the Devil's market everywhere?

Only an amateur playing at work,
Back, get back to your pensioned shelf.
For every penny we'll find a use,
But spare us your august self.

TACT

SO now, sir, you know about marriage,
you've gauged both its lies and
its truth.

Come, tell me, I queried,
Is it worth it? or wearied,
Would you welcome the freedom of
youth?

Is she still quite the angel you thought her,
that musical comedy pet?
With her cheap little face,
And its soupçon of pace :
Was it love or mere pique? I forget.

Was her father just all you expected? Rather
east, I believe, his address.
In the absence of gold,
Was it wheelks that he sold?
The Peerage is silent : confess.

I seem to remember the mother : a face somewhat florid. What? Gin!

Do you ask her to feed?

Your son is her breed,

And why keep the lad from his kin?

What, not feeling well? Only busy. Then remember me kindly to Bess.

Delighted to know

An instance or so

Where marriage has proved a success!

THE AFTERMATH

WHY are you grown so sulky,
Charlie?
Was it only the footlights'
glare
And a short-lived passion? now dead, of
course;
For you hopefully turn to the boon divorce,
A luxury two may share.

You loved me once, for you called me then
Venus, and love, and dear.
And the other woman you now would wed,
The only daughter, born and bred,
Of a typical English peer.

Take her, damn you! I don't care.
Women, and wine, and song
Were good enough for your calf-like youth,
With an intimate bath in the well of truth,
And the half world my lot throng.

For our boy is dead, and there's nothing left
That your noble line can mar.
You were fairly kind, in a selfish way ;
But there's never a woman who doesn't pay
The pitiless God of the Car.

CALF LOVE

DO you remember, dear, when we,
Perhaps a dozen times a day,
Would meet, and "Oh, you horrid
boy;"
Was all your eyes would deign to say.

Till some forgotten Christmas once,
We had three suppers unbeknown,
And proved your *fortiter in re*,
The seed from which our love was sown.

And then there came a hateful gap.
You went to school—I don't know where.
Young love was stirring, for I kept
A ribbon that you used to wear.

And was it you who sent a note
In schoolgirl writing, large and round?
How ripping this, how rotten that:
The gossip of the hockey ground.

That Mrs. Prism wasn't bad,
But Janie Stubbs ("an awful rotter"),
Cribbed her Scripture facts from notes
Recorded on her faithful blotter.

And then I think 'twas many years
Ere, graced with every woman's wile,
You came. I saw, and, conquered, fled
Along the orbit of your smile.

And oh, a certain dreadful day
(You know I never was athletic),
When you said definitely, "No!"
To one for "sport" so apathetic.

I must have cherished blighted hopes,
For though my health proved unaffected,
Some deadly dull Spencerian tropes
An agony of mind reflected.

And as I played the ancient part
Of jaded cynic, general scoffer,
A marriage was "arranged" 'twixt you
And what's-his-name, the champion "goffer."

I've come to dinner once or twice,
But all this talk of cleek and putter
Appears the only English that
You both habitually utter.

(*Aside.*) Perchance my eyes grow dim,
But surely artless youth's affection
Was for a Dresden china doll,
And not this woman sans complexion.

CORRESPONDENCE

GOOD morning ; yes, I'm rather late,
And only just in time to rescue
An overburdened breakfast plate
From all the mail that I confess to.

So : "Kindly send a cheque at once,
The Tiddley-Bosh Estate has floated";
Those Monkey shares I rashly took,
At twopence premium are quoted.

What's this? A budget of reviews.
The Christian Church says, "Dangerous
matter
Pervades" my "Cradle Songs," and "tends
The upas seed of doubt to scatter."

The Workman thus : "'Tis things like these,
Sung nightly to the infant great"—
I quote no further. It assumes
That every peer's a profligate.

Hullo ! slipt in among the rest,
The Mother's Helper coos that "Manny
Will lisp for counter-songs" from me
To flatten out his tiresome Granny.

That letter's surely from the Dean ;
And this from charming Mrs. Foster :
My luck was in that day when I
So irrecoverably lost her.

And here's a man I've never met,
Who says my liver's out of order :
I've got to take his patent pills,
Or quit "in most admired disorder."

My pious cousin sends a tract.
Oh, damn this meeting in the City.
And lastly—joy!—a scribbled note
From that delightful person, Kitty.

She's very well, the cats and dogs,
Her father, mother, and the others.
"And isn't dear God kind, for He
Has sent the lonely kitten brothers."

What? Half-past ten! I must be off.
This meeting's an infernal pity.
I've half a mind to cut the lot
For one more hide-and-seek with Kitty.

A "LADY" FROM THE "HALLS"

HAVE her corsage, little more
Than a skirt well off the floor,
That was all the lady wore :
She was rotten to the core,
But the people, how they roar
(That proud name you stole)—encore !

Smiling from his cushioned seat,
Watching ankles rather neat
And the play of twinkling feet,
Sits your "Johnny," quite complete,
Little thinking Death shall eat
All those charms, or age defeat
With a wrinkle or crow's feet.

Ah, we know you, lovely Persian cat,
Picture-postcard Princess and all that ;
And his truly charming flat,
With the chair in which you sat
In that more than merely variegated hat ;
But there really is a limit unto that—
You are finished, save to learn the lesson pat
There is nothing more ridiculous than fat.

And there really is no potion
 That will hold a man's devotion
 Unto fat. You may try the latest lotion,
 And with much suppressed emotion
 Swallow "antis" by the ocean.
 I have still a friendly notion
 That no welcome coast erosion
 Comes to you . . .
 . . . Seek another land of Goshen
 Ere too late to set in motion.

BERTIE ON THE AGE OF
CHIVALRY

THEY really had a cheery time,
The chroniclers of old,
Who wrote when love was simply
love
And knights were always bold.

Such writer Johnnies must have been
Quite up to date like us;
Their knowledge of the last bon mot
Is truly luminous.

“Od’s my life” and “by my faith,”
“Beshrew thee, scurvy knave!”
“Zounds, would’st bandy words with me?”
“Truss up yon saucy slave.”

“What ho! without there, varlet! bring
Thy missive unto me,
And as its news be good or ill
So shalt thy mazzard be.”

Persuasive arguments they found
 Best written on the back,
 And thumbscrews had their uses,
 With the little ease and rack.

Their love affairs were rather crude :
 For Ermytrude's coy glances
 They used to take some nasty risks
 At tournaments with lances.

Life must have seemed a rippin' game,
 Before the Board School's ban
 Transformed once "Merrie England"
 With a new primeval man.

Yet give me London and a stall,
 Miladi frail as witty ;
 Sir John de Blazonry de Seize
 Is dead to praise or pity.

SUEZ

A GATE for high adventure—to the
young.
The Guardian and the portal of the
East.

Where Europe, Asia meets ; and not the
least

A haven and a surcease from the waves. Far
flung

Its legend. I am Suez, come ; woo me,
All ye who seek the wealth of Ind.

Malaysia, far Cathay, or fate has pinned
To verdure-covered islets, distant seas ;
Or older, wiser, ye who westward come,
The wine of life is drained, for never more
Shall ye sit home at ease. No wealth you
won

Can keep from aching hearts remembrance
sore.

A year or so of leave. No song, no feast
Can hold you back in England from the
East.

THE GORGEOUS EAST

WE who see the pictured East
As some half-barbaric feast,
Splendid gentlemen in flowing
Robes, while dusky beauty glowing,
Decked in rubies, silk, and gold,
Smiles upon a Rajah bold—
Know,—some portions of the map
For romance don't care a rap.
Where frail insects fill the room,
And the frog's deep-throated boom,
With the bats' ejaculations
Talking to their poor relations,
All conspire to murder sleep.
(Very much awake you keep!)
When mosquitoes make their meal
On the spots you really feel,
And no money is enough,
While the food is—oh, such stuff;
And the vintage that you drink
Is but seldom what you think;

Where there's nothing left to do
By the time your duty's through;
Living just from mail to mail,
And the blank if that should fail.
Oh, you lordly son of pleasure,
Nursed in pomp and lapped in leisure,
You don't know the East a bit,
Though your book made such a hit,
Re that epoch-making trek
(Mainly on a steamer's deck?).
Live there, would you understand
Half the secret of a land,
Partly heaven and partly hell;
Let the years your story tell.
And when fever cuts you short
In this cheerful health resort,
Or a bullet through your brain
Sends you back to sleep again,
You'll begin to grasp the least
Glimmer of the Gorgeous East.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL AS
PICTURED BY A STREET
CORNER ORATOR

'E RIDES a blooming camel
Through the wilds of 'Industan,
With native girls to fan 'im,
And champagne from out a can.
The 'eathen in his district
'As to do his pleasure blind—
Keep 'im bribed with oof and whisky,
And 'is choicest womenkind.

There's no slacking when 'e orders,
It's a case of run or 'ang,
Every morning after breakfast
You may 'ear 'is pistol bang.
Every morning after breakfast
Some poor coolie gets release,
Goes to 'eaven, where 'igh officials
Never will disturb 'is peace.

Just you 'ear 'im talk of duty,
Up among the Simla 'ills,
Running after married women,
Running up infernal bills.
Some poor native's got to suffer,
"Strap 'im to the spikey board,
If a dog-whip don't affect 'im,
Slow fire will reveal his 'oard."

That's the way 'e robs the widder,
'That's the way 'e rakes 'is pile,
And; returned to 'ome and beauty,
Papers greet 'im with a smile.
"Empire-builder," 'ear 'em call 'im;
Native plunder fills 'is gorge;
And 'e yer call the King 'ands out
Saint Michael and Saint George.

PULOH PINANG

THERE lies an island in the Eastern
sea,
Crownèd with mountains, girt about
with palms,
A sleeping Circe in Poseidon's arms—
That no new Odysseus shall ever free.
A robe of azure, pearls of price and rare,
A coronet of myriad-coloured light,
Enchantress born for passionate delight,
Who, seen more clearly, seems perhaps less
fair.

A cloying sweetness mars her loveliness
And shames the beauties of that lonely isle,
Self-conscious of engrained unworthiness,
Where even nature wears the harlot's smile,
For endless years of disenchanted life
May make the East a mistress, ne'er a wife.

HYMN OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

WE are the choicest of the choice,
The Empire's one authentic
voice,

Crème de la crème expensive :
No other than our native land
Could furnish such a glorious band
Of talents comprehensive.

Though some are deaf and somewhat blind,
Yet not a man will lag behind
In beautiful expression.

When, "in due course," a letter ends,
The merchant knows his distant friends
Are patience's possession.

Bow down and worship, dusky hordes,
The dictates of our council boards,
And Downing Street be jiggered.
The skin should come from off the back
Of any rude, impatient black
Who at our forms hath sniggered.

You, too, shall tremble, haughty white,
Who said the service was a blight
Because we didn't answer
Some beastly letter for a week.
We rather think we heard you speak
Of Us as something's cancer.

The King of England's chosen few,
Who don't let you forget it too :
For if you can't remember,
No more the Gub'natorial spread,
Where minor royalty has fed :
Your June becomes December.

A CANDID FRIEND

SO you're waiting on the pier,
And the steamer's drawing near,
With a girl you fondly think is quite
the best.

Ere the starboard's green you scan,
What about the "also ran"—
Dolly, Mabel, Mildred, and the rest?

Just the accident that Ethel,
Singing in the local Bethel,
Drew your thoughts from hymn-books first
astray.

Nonconformity, though prosy,
Gave her three weeks' start from Rosie,
And it's Ethel that you're waiting for to-day.

They've consigned her carriage paid.
An investment, I'm afraid,
Meant to purchase her the status of a wife.
The love you think her motive
Is a sacrifice, that's votive
To escape being just a daughter all her life.

But etiquette demands
You must grasp her by the hands,
And murmur that you love (as usual) "dearly."
Let your calculated gladness
Remember through your madness
There are others who have acted just as
queerly.

Female promises are dust.
Only man's the brute who must
Act both paymaster and laureate combined.
Just refuse for once a "tenner,"
Would you really know Gehenna,
Where it's not for me to hint what you will
find.

The atmosphere is torrid.
I know you think me horrid ;
Yet to save a Nunc dimittis in the end,
Would you really quite reduce me,
Then merely introduce me
As your very old and valued candid friend.

COLONIAL SOCIETY

COLONIAL Society's a thing you can't
define :

Its varied membership demands a
most elastic line.

The Governor-in-Council is the centre of the
bunch,

And, treated kindly (in surprise), may ask
you out to lunch.

Colonial Society has leaders of a kind
A really keen geologist might reckon as a find ;
But when they say, " We're going home,"
Hide then your smiles behind a tome.

Colonial Society is founded on the call :
Ignore such social duties—you don't exist
at all.

And even ninety in the shade
No " Poodle-Flapper " makes afraid.

Colonial Society's a damned exhausting goad.
Its clothes in Europe must be cut exactly à
la mode,
For suits of white do not agree
With self-respecting ladies' tea.

Colonial Society its youth has long outgrown,
And keeps religion in its place by methods of
its own.
You really can't call fifty cents an over-
whelming "sub"
For right of entrée to the pews of that ex-
clusive club.

THE EURASIAN

HE'S seldom very brainy,
Nor always very clean ;
All the sins of dim white fathers,
Fairly plainly to be seen.

English very, very "chee chee,"
Pay as rotten as his work.
Scapegoat for a past we really
Rather altogether shirk.

He's never in society,
To clubs is quite unknown,
For they who did the sowing
Let him reap the fruit alone.

Yes, there'll certainly be trouble
At St. Peter's golden gates,
When the children of Eurasia
Claim fathers from the Straits.

THE UNOFFICIAL EMPIRE-
BUILDER

THERE'S the Governor's carriage.
Wouldn't his job suit you?
Empire-building and marriage,
Slaving from ten to two.
Maker of beautiful speeches,
"Ready at Britain's call"—
That's us, whose existence is never
Officially known at all!

I'm sick of this God-damned country,
The "Gorgeous East" 's a sell;
Give me a day in England,
And leave the East in hell.
The doctor, he says I'm dying,
And surely he ought to know,
For one blasted line won't take me;
But, living or dead, I go.

Carry me on to the steamer,
Put me on board the mail;
Hold me up with your arm, old friend,
And give me a grip of the rail.
This is the only medicine—
To watch from my cabin door
The rippling water widen
Betwixt the ship and the shore.

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA is a country
Where the bounding kangaroo
Is a type of the inhabitants
Less libellous than true.

The north is quite impossible,
The middle's mainly sand,
And virtue's at a discount
In that democratic land.

The language of Australia
Has an accent quite unique—
A sort of bastard Cockney
Is what Australians speak.

Australia is a country
Where convicts used to dwell,
And nearly all Australians
Might be convicts just as well.

No flowers smell in Australia,
No woman can be true,
No gentle blood profanes the land
Of ultra-labour hue.

Australia's annexation
Of the Southern Cross was wise,
For mighty few Australians
Earn mansions in the skies.

Perhaps some day the polished Japs
May take her for their own.
We lose a colony, but then
Think what she gains in tone.

SAPPHO

A BURNING vision of delight
Framed in a fitful mystic light,
A known, unknown reality,
A secret deeper than the sea.
For envious time beyond our ken
Hath filched the children of thy pen,
Though few or none we take on trust,
Your fame secure through age or rust
In glittering fragments, half unseen,
Will live for what you must have been.

KING SOLOMON

SOLOMON the wise, the learned, the
all-knowing,
Writer of immortal words, past all
human showing,
He who toyed with everything, everything
found vain,
Vanity, vexation, only wisdom shall remain.
Apes and gold, and ivory, purple web from
Tyre,
Peacocks, spices, precious wood, all that
kings desire.
Cedars out of Lebanon, horses Egypt sends,
Coasting down to Ophir, pigmy ships descend.
Thrice a hundred concubines, seven hundred
wives,
Solomon, you should have wished for thirty
different lives !
Once you loved, for only glowed the true
Promethean fire
When you wooed the Rose of Sharon in the
garden of desire.

CLEOPATRA

ROMAN Antony's eclipse
Lost a world upon your lips.
Mystic Egypt's serpent wile,
Wanton daughter of the Nile,
When you kissed him on the lips,
What of Actium, legions, ships?
More than he had lost was won
In the moment it was done,
When you kissed him on the lips
In an hour of soul's eclipse.

CROMWELL

THE axe is laid to the root of the
tree,
Cromwell, Hampden, Pym,
A royal head shall fall to-day,
And England falls with him.

Change ye the old, and hasten yea
The coming of your Lord,
And for the lowlier Nazarene,
Jehovah of the sword.

You thought to rear a realm of saints,
On ruined King and Crown.
God is not mocked, eleven short years
Brought all your greatness down.

You spread the fires of discontent,
Quoth this and that is wrong.
Christ's birthday a forbidden feast,
And England suffered long.

The dam the saints have built is gone,
No Ironsides charge again.
Was all the blood of Marston Moor
And Naseby shed in vain?

Cold, calculating mind, who wrought
For greatness howsoever,
The fruit that long repression bore
Is on your head for ever.

SOME PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHNSMITE-the-House-of-Ahab-
Hew-all-Prelatists-in-Twain,
Was sergeant of a troop of horse,
For "root and branch" most fain.

Through all the war full manfully
Malignants fierce he smote,
And godly was the savour
Of the texts that he would quote,
Where energetic dealings
With Canaanitish Kings
Were held sufficient precedent
For various tragic things.
And Ehud's dagger, Jael's nail,
Were heavenly tools, appointed
To arm a godly hand against
The forsworn Lord's anointed.

Such views became less popular
One twenty-ninth of May.
A bill the law presented
Seemed over-long to pay ;

So before the fatal moment
For inquiry or arrest,
It came to him that sojourn
In Kedar's tents was best.
To found a newer England—
Such was his vast design,
And build a Christian Commonwealth
On strictly Bible lines.
His comrades, on selection,
Proved their godliness of life
By dexterous use of two-edged texts
In controversial strife.
And the Reverend Tribulation
Hezekiah Ezekiel Jones
Was the chaplain who presided
O'er their penitential groans,
When left their grateful country
For a colder, bleaker sod,
Where unhampered they might worship
What they fondly thought was God.

They built a little town of wood,
Enclosed by stout stockades,
And every point was guarded well
By shining carronades.

The heathen were Amalekites,
Appointed to be slain ;
Their tomahawks and scalping-knives
'Gainst God's elect were vain.
The heathen in his blindness
May have but one use for you ;
But his scalping days are over
When by chain-shot cut in two.

They set up judges in the land :
John-Smite-the-House was one,
And it really was surprising
How little crime was done.
For the guilty always managed
(Well skilled in Bible lore)
To show that some old patriarch
Had done the same before ;
And if Abraham or Jacob
Didn't suit them all the time,
They could always quote poor David
For every kind of crime.

The tough old Roundhead sergeant
Had a daughter by his side—
The kind you meet in story-books,
But never much outside.

And, despite an inborn purity,
On higher base than groans,
Priscilla nursed a penchant
For scapegrace Bobby Jones.
Oh, he *was* a limb of Satan—
Bobby—Tribulation's son.
Easier far, for mental number,
All the sins he left undone.
Even whistled on the Sabbath;
Raised a landmark, set it straight:
Precious little hope that Robin
E'er should pass the narrow gate.
Then he saved a wounded Indian,
Made him welcome at his board:
This was sheltering cursèd Agag
From the fury of the Lord.
Sleepless nights he cost his father,
Wrestlings at the throne of grace,
That damnation be averted
From the remnant of his race.
'Twas a trafficking with Moab,
Thought he (wandering through his
glebe),
A treaty with Zalmunna,
As with Oreb and with Zeb.

To spare such lovers parting
Kindly fate removed a check,
When a barbed and feathered arrow
Caught the sergeant in the neck ;
And his valiant soul departed,
Thinking of the endless day :
He would keep the angels drilling
Against Armageddon fray.

They wept his loss together
In that bleak New England town,
And his shroud was a reminder
Of the spotless wedding gown.
In the little church of cedar,
Where reposed her father's bones,
Hands were joined by Tribulation
Hezekiah Ezekiel Jones.

Once again they sought their country,
Once again in London town :
Mistress Jones found vastly pleasing
Certain Canaanitish gowns.
Robin found his greatness dawning,
For his colonising bent
(Not to mention fair Priscilla)
Novel kind of éclat lent ;

Till one unforgotten morning
He heard in dulcet tones,
A certain Stuart Majesty—
“Arise, Sir Robert Jones.”

And now that Robin goes to court,
A scandal there is rife,
That sacred Majesty has deigned
To smile upon his wife!

CHARLES II

A GHOSTLY perfume lingers yet
Round that gay reign of song and
laughter.

They lived, they loved, and reck-
less seemed

Of any reckoning thereafter.

Is yon grave, darkly-visaged King
"The Merry Monarch" of tradition,
Or all his frailties quite so black
As modern history's supposition?

A picture slowly forms anew :
Ah, witching hand, I saw you beckon.
A scented note, a whisper—such
Must Clio condescend to reckon.

His Castlemaine, his Quérouailles,
Voluptuous ghosts of buried sin.
We only envy him the love
Of that dear madcap, sweet Nell Gwyn.

A human paradox displayed,
A chartless voyager, by what plan
Shall they who know and love you prove
Beneath the ermine lay a man ?

A type urbane, now rather rare,
That very many-sided thing,
The wit, the courtly gentleman,
The cynic, libertine, and King.

Not just an idle profligate
In fragrant letters stands revealed.
Ah, "deare, deare sister," you knew well
The charm his mask too long concealed.

That sainted lady, Evelyn, mourned
Her timid virtue's own election
Of never speaking to the King,
Has left her "Life" a dull refection.

Poor "Gibby" too, so often shocked—
That bustling, energetic creature,
Tactless and blundering, surely quite
Of Charles' court the strangest feature.

And Evelyn, also moralising
On Sunday play at Whitehall, must
Note with a pious satisfaction
All shortly afterwards was dust.

Perhaps old Pepys can show us best
The old idea of kingship, when
He seems surprised that Charles' chatter
Was very much as other men.

Oh royal ghost, where'er you linger
Across the trackless gulf of time,
Aucassin's hell should fitly welcome
The only genius of your line.

JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAVER-
HOUSE, VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE

AUSTERE and proud, with just a
touch of scorn—
See gracing Kneller's portrait, stand
the man,
And centuries of obloquy roll back. We can,
Through paint and canvas, watch an age
reborn,
With this last champion of a cause forlorn.
How thickly fables cluster round his head,
Till "Bluidy Claver'se" is a legend read
On many a lying epitaph. Oh forsworn
Scotia—merchant of your kings—how readily
You market reputations. Yet steadily,
With scant encouragement, he took the trust
Of Loyalty and Order, and incredibly
Forged armour. Time himself can never
rust
A name that shall not perish with his dust.

ON LOUIS XV, KING OF FRANCE
AND NAVARRE, DYING OF
SMALLPOX

SINCE of long and royal line,
Majesty by right divine,
Scarce a hireling left to tend
This thy lone and loathsome end.

Courtiers—welcome thy successor,
Rising sun of pomp and pleasure.
His the rising, thine the setting ;
In the sea of all forgetting
Sinks thy little sum of glory,
All thy battles and their story,
All thy sins and all thy pleasures,
Shameless women, squandered treasures.

Very soon will close the tomb
O'er thy body, but the doom
On thy soul ? Ah, who can picture
God Almighty's awful stricture,
I am Death, oh fallen thing,
Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY

YOU follow Rupert, Strafford, through
the gloom
To that far kingdom where all
wrongs come right :
The house not made with hands is yours
to-night,
Lost causes conquer, and white roses bloom.
For stately Whitehall, mirrored in the mind,
Shall have its heavenly counterpart. You
sowed
A flower of beauty garnered from the past.
Showed
Loyalty—a creed, and yet mankind
Chose stranger gods—frail children of a day.
Ah, were your ore less rich, and less refined
With wit and wisdom from Time's yesterday,
Neglectful Fame had ne'er forgot to bind
The laurel and the bay. Death ends all strife,
And sleep meets one who called the dead to
life.

NIRVANA

LORD of Heaven—if such there be,
Ruler of earth, of air, and sea,
Dweller in innermost mystery—
Hearken and listen, O Lord, to me.

Let me perish eternally,
Soul and body I yield to thee.
Lord, in thine hand is the golden key,
Open the prison and set me free.

IN PRAISE OF IGNORANCE

SOMETIMES think we grow too wise,
And insolent before us spread
Fate's toy-shop. Drag the mighty
dead

To censure; though their haunted eyes
Speak of an earlier, simpler creed
And heaven or hell the finite only goal,
When saint with devil wrestled for the soul,
And God was very near, nor scorned to heed.
We still have gods—God help us!—
Monstrous things, dream figments;
Science crowns a king most glorious.
Who happier than a child? though ignorant
Of e'en that maxim old Rochefoucauld hurls:
Folie, la plus grande, être sage tout seul.

THE BOOK OF JOB



HI poet-prophet of the golden mouth,
Johab of Joktan, 'neath what name
you hide,

Sleep; for oblivion, an eternal tide,
Sweeps o'er those pleasant chambers of the
south.

Oh Shepherd-Watcher of eternal stars,
Who drank the cup of utmost human woe,
Who knew the Zodiac and the Archer's bow,
In whom was wisdom. Who were you?

From far

Came those mysterious Kings who knelt
beside

The birth-bed of the Mother and her Child.
Were they your seed, who also took for guide
A star? Through desert, mountain fastness
wild,

Arabia holds that secret, for thy mouth
Shall sing no more of chambers in the south.

A NORTHERN LEGEND

IN a far-off time, 'neath a northern
clime,
Where the bright Aurora glows
O'er a great white sea that ne'er is
free

From the grip of the cold ice-floes.

When the gods sat all, in Valhalla's hall,
And made the rafters ring
With song and tale, like a mighty gale,
As they drank from the skulls of kings.

There yet is told in a saga old,
Fragmentary, half forgotten,
How a living man once crossed the span
That ends in the halls of Wotan.

How Freia rose up and filled a cup
Of ruddy gold engravèd,
Far-off feasts and long-dead beasts,
There where the red wine lavèd.

“Mortal,” quoth she, “you shall drink to me,
For death, not life, you win,
A venturer here, withouten fear,
Clothèd with flesh and sin.

“For peace take fire, and a vain desire,
That something men call love,
A hopeless prayer, and at last despair
Of the silent God above.

“Though a nobler faith shall drive their wraith
To the dead primeval sea,
The curse now spoken will stand a token
When the gods shall cease to be.”

A BALLAD OF LIFE AND DEATH

I KNOW a moor on the uplands there,
Solemn and lone and drear,
'Midst barren hills, by a silent tarn
Where the haunting shadows peer.

Veiled in the mists of a winter's day,
Many a year long sped ;
Lost in the night of legendry,
The living fought the dead.

A Queen lay cold on the marge of death,
Her life like a river flown,
And a great King wept—"Ah, leave me, God,
The love I thought mine own."

Till it seemed a monk before him stood,
Lowly with staff and gown,
Bathed in a dim celestial light,
Wearing the nimbus crown.

“King,” quoth he, “her decree is signed,
And Death draws near apace;
Dare your great love go foil him now
In his secret hiding-place?”

The King hath taken him, plate and mail,
Dagger and lance and sword,
And round his neck, from a golden chain,
The Cross of Christ the Lord.

He hath hied him thence to the awesome
moor

Where evil things abode,
With shield on high and lance in rest,
Holding the open road.

And as he stood, the mist took shape,
Gibbering forms of doom,
Woven there by the watching fates
As on a magic loom.

Lastly rose a warrior, crowned
Lord of Life on Earth—
“I wait, Sir King” (a gibe from Death);
“Prove your good sword’s worth.”

Horse and man but of mortal mould,
Jesu, Maria, a breath,
His lance hath pierced the phantom's mail,
And struck the ribs of Death.

Then loud a wail through the valley rang,
King Death is overthrown,
A mortal hand hath wrought this scaith,
And Love is Lord alone.

But Death arose and spake, "O King,
You would find me better Lord
Than he who nerved your arm to stretch
King Death upon the sword.

"The Queen shall live—you have won from
me
What many have prayed in vain ;
But who shall stay my brother Age,
Or his gnawing tooth of pain.

"Yes, she shall stand at the latest day,
Wrinkled and old, alone,
To curse the night when by mortal hand
King Death was overthrown.

"I had given her peace for a thousand years.
Does Love hold peace in fee?
Will she claim the sword of her lover then
To fight again with me?"

THE DECADENT KING

THERE was once a King who paid
for sin,
Till all of his soul was spent,
That which he thought but a pleas-
ing toy
Or rococo ornament.

And through the trees, where the witch fires
wing
Amber and gold and red,
You may see the eyes of a dreadful thing,
The soul of the crownèd dead.

For there I think is a gate to death,
Within the woods that ring,
A porphyry vault, where devils guard
The tomb of the decadent King.

A LOST SOUL

A SOUL from the sunlit land of glad-
ness
Swept onward through the gale,
As a ship with spars and masts of
matchwood
Drives on 'neath a rag of sail.

He had bartered a life for rose-leaves,
His honour had sold for naught,
Saving a delicate passing madness,
And, Lord, that was dearly bought.

A face shone through the darkness
Of a lady, sad and fair,
And the lightning's flash to a halo turned
The sheen of her dead-gold hair.

Then a window seemed to open,
As drifting swift to doom,
The ghostly feet of the dancers
Traversed his silent room.

And the doors of memory parted
With the clash of their golden key,
And he cried, Ah, God, for the dawning
And the cold, grey, pitiless sea.

Far out in the ocean of life
There stretches the giant reef despair:
The sun rose slowly over the sea
On a ship 'mid the breakers there.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM?

AH, well, he's dead. What more
remains
But bear him from his lonely room,
The Lord of nothing but a name,
And write "De Mortuis" on his tomb?

He was not born so. Follies, gauds,
Swept wealth and vast estates away,
And reason—mere fair weather friend—
Fled: leaving that which died to-day.

Far better dead than living know
The hatred those you wronged conserve,
Who might have climbed Olympian heights
Through you in alien climes must serve.

Self was your God, self-will your guide,
And now of everything bereft,
Sleep soundly in your splendid tomb,
The last of all your splendours left.

FAREWELL

IS this then the end of arriving,
A camp on the shores of regret,
With never a pearl for our diving
And never a fish to our net?

Merely a truce to our jesting,
With body and soul in pawn;
Somewhere beyond the river
'Twixt darkness and the dawn?

“His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colours in the Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery’s writing which when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle in such a manner as to give no image of anything ‘in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.’” (LORD MACAULAY, April 1830, “The Poems of Robert Montgomery.”)

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